HOW SAILORS ARE FED.

EATING ARRANGEMENTS ON UNCLE SAM'S WARSHIPS.

The Captain Takes His Meals Alone. Officers Mess Together. Substantial Fare for the Men.

The table on a warship is conducted as well as any and better than most hotels which are called first class. There are five messes on board ship, four of which are officers' messes, and the other is called the ship's company mess.

A captain has a private table in his cabin, and the Government allows him four servants. He must not have any one to dine with him regularly, but he may invite any of his officers if he feels so inclined. It is not a general thing, however, for the Captain to have a table mate more than once or twice a week.

The mess of the officers between the grade of junior lieutenant and lieutenant-commander is called the ward room mess. The First Lieutenant sits at the head of the table and the officers are ranged along to the right and left of him according to rank and length of service. A ward room dinner is by no means a formal affair, though it is not the thing for an officer, unless he be going on watch, to sit before the Lieutenant-Commander is seated.

The Lieutenant-Commander, Executive Officer, or, as he is most generally termed, the "first luff," is the head of the mess and is generally responsible for the preservation of order at the table. Should heated arguments arise it is he who settles them when he thinks the limit of argument has been reached. Arguments, however, are very rare, for when men live together as naval officers must, each one is careful that he says nothing to offend any of his shipmates. There are certain subjects that are tabooed at a mess table, and among them are religion, politics and women.

The officers' meals on shipboard are arranged after the French style. That is, coffee and toast on rising, breakfast at noon and dinner at 7 o'clock. Then there is generally an informal luncheon later in the evening. The Government does not furnish the table service and linen, and so each officer on joining a ship must pay his share for the table set, and they must also supply their own napkins and other table linen.

The financial part of the mess is run on the co-operative principle, and the funds are in the hands of a caterer. Should an officer, after paying his share toward the table service, be detached from the ship, he can draw from the caterer the amount that he invested, and the officer relieving him must buy up the share that he held.

Every month the officers must pay a certain amount of money, generally about $35 per man, to the caterer for the mess running expenses, for the Government only allows $9 a month ration money to each man, be he Captain or cook. If the entire amount of money put in is not spent, why the money goes into the slush fund and becomes a part of the mess property, each member having an equal share in it. This money is allowed to accumulate, and is used in purchasing new tableware and other things to be used in common. Though, on the other hand, should the mess money prove insufficient for the month's expenses the officers must be assessed to make up the deficiency. The selection of a caterer, therefore, is a very important matter, for a good caterer can keep a good table on little money, while a bad one can run the mess heels over head in debt and then not feed them well. An officer, generally an old sea dog, is elected caterer, and his term of office lasts as long as he "gives satisfaction." It is he who engages the mess attendants, gives orders to the steward and pays the bills.

The junior officers or steerage mess is conducted on about the same plan as the ward room mess, only here the amount subscribed monthly is generally only about $25.

At Jack's mess, up on the gun or berth deck, things are run somewhat differently from the officers' style. Table linen is unknown, and each man has his own bowl, plate, knife, fork and spoon. Uncle Sam gives $9 a head for the feeding of the boys in blue, and the boys themselves subscribe about $3 a month, and make the amount $12 a man.

There are twenty men at each of the crew's messes, and each of these messes elects its own caterer. The caterer is generally a sailor with some financial ability, and he must also be a total abstainer from intoxicating drink. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the men are averse to taking the job of caterer, but when one does take the job his trouble begins, because the favorite amusement at a sailors' mess is to abuse the caterer.

If a caterer of a ship's company mess succeeds in keeping out of debt, he is looked upon as a wonder, and his reputation on shipboard as a man of brain is thereafter beyond question. But the general rule is for a caterer to spread a good table for a month and then run the mess so hopelessly in debt that fresh meat cannot be brought more than once a week.

There is a man detailed as cook for each mess, and he has a burden which would prove too heavy for any but the most hardened sailor. Should the steak be too rare the cook is blessed a sea blessing of course, or should the breakfast be late, the coffee cold, or the butter rancid, why the cook will be blamed for it, and his mess-mates are never afraid of hurting his feelings by telling him that he is to blame.

The cook must rise at 5 A. M. and have hot coffee ready for the crew by 5:30 o'clock. He must have breakfast ready by 8, dinner by 12 and supper by 5. After each meal he must wash all of his kettles and pans and have them ready for the master-at-arms to inspect. Far into the night, when every one else is enjoying life, the cook must sit by his tallow dip and peel spuds for the morrow's breakfast.

Taken all in all, though, mess life on shipboard is much better than most persons suppose. Hard tack and salt-horse are almost unknown now, and salt water coffee has long been done away with.

The officers' table fare is very good, and the fare of the crew, though plain, is healthy, and table life at sea isn't such a bad thing after all.—[New York Sun.

CHICKEN RAISING.

The Old Man Shows the Young One Its Dangers.

An elderly man and a young man were sitting on the veranda conversing.

"Yes," said the young man, "I am going into chicken-farming. I am convinced that there is no business in the world in which there is more money to be made. I have figured on it, and think I know what I can do. Why, look at the way they increase. In four or five years I—"

"My friend," said the old man, "I have had experience in the business. Be warned; do not embark in it. You know not what you do."

"What!" said the young man; "have you tried it and failed?"

"I mean to tell you that I tried it and gave it up," answered the other. "I got ten hens, intending to get rich, as you purpose doing. I installed them in a coop and awaited returns. But before they had laid an egg I happened to pick up a pencil and a bit of paper and do some calculating. At a low estimate I saw that each of my hens could raise three broods the first summer. Allowing for one bad egg in each sitting, there would be twelve chicks to each brood. Calling half of them pullets, this would give six to each brood, or 18 to each hen for the season, or 180 for the entire flock. Adding my original ten, I would have 190 hens at the end of the first summer. Figuring at the same ratio, I saw that I would have 3,610 at the end of the second summer. I was encouraged, and went on to find that I would have 68,590 when the third summer closed. I sharpened my pencil, and bent over my paper with feverish interest. The fourth summer, I discovered, would leave me with 1,303,210 likely hens. When the autumn leaves of the fifth dying summer should swirl about me I would have 24,760,990 cacklers. Another year of joys and sorrows—my sixth—would find me surrounded by 470,458,810 live and enterprising hens. Once again, when the seventh summer should fade into glorious autumn, I found that a matter of 8,938,717,390 distinct hens and a rooster or two would be with me in the gallinaceous flesh. The inspiring figures for the eighth year I have forgotten, as, likewise, I have those of the ninth. I only know I found that at the end of ten years I would have more prime hens than there was space for on the surface of the globe, counting the arctic regions, and supposing roosts across all rivers and twenty fowls in each tree. I was dumbfounded. But I did not hesitate. I saw what I owed to the human race. I seized an axe and hurried to the coop. My boy, I loved those hens, but I loved humanity more; and I led them to the block like a Spartan, and chopped off their heads. I breathed more freely when it was all over, and the horrible vision was gone of the whole earth four feet deep in hens, and every blessed one of them cackling. Young man, do not go into the chicken business; it leads to awful things."

The young man started up. "Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed. "I won't. I did not realize what I was doing."—[Harper's Magazine.

Facts About Babies.

It isn't always the biggest baby that is the strongest nor finest, for firmness of flesh and bone with a steady if slow increase in weight and bulk is better than any great stature or weight. Of course children are built on different models and one cannot say that a baby should weigh just so much at such and such a time, but some one has gone to the trouble of getting some averages with which mothers may console themselves when they have nothing else to think of. At birth a boy should weigh some 6½ to 7 pounds, a girl somewhat less, or about 6 to 6½ pounds. Twins are always of lower average weight and size than single children, although the two together weigh more than any single baby. In height a boy should measure at birth on an average 18 to 19 inches; a girl some half an inch less—the range of health lying between 16 and 22 inches. The child grows with rapidity during the first year, faster than during any other period of the same length, so that it gains about 8 inches, measuring when twelve months old about 27 inches, its weight being about 19 pounds.

During the second year it gains only 4 inches on an average, and 5 pounds in weight, reaching a stature of 31 inches and a weight of 24 pounds. But these figures represent only the average, the extreme ranging between wide limits. A fact that is seldom taken into consideration with children, with regard to their weight and plumpness, is that about their second year when they are learning to walk, they become thinner, not because they deteriorate in health, but through the increased exercise using up more of the tissues forming the muscles of the body.—[Milwaukee Journal.

How Cloves Grow.

The small evergreen tree from which cloves are taken was originally a native of the Spice Islands, but is now cultivated in warm climates in all parts of the world. The clove of commerce is the unopened flower of the tree. They are quite small, but grow in large clusters among the branches. After gathering the buds are smoked by a wood fire and dried in the sun. Both the taste and smell of the cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain.

Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are in consequence weakened. If you desire to know something of the form of the bud in the natural state soak a few cloves for a short time in hot water. The petals of the flower will soften and readily unroll.—[Detroit Free Press.

IN A DREAM.

Lightning-Like Play of the Imagination During Sleep.

A curious example of the dramatic and mythopoeic quality of dreams, and of the power of compressing time, was once related to me by a lady, writes Andrew Lang. She, in her dream, was sitting in her room looking out on a beautiful clear autumn twilight. She heard a knock, heralding visitors, and going down stairs, found two strangers in her parlor. One she recognized—a relative who had died in her childhood. He was a little old gentleman, in a brown dress of the early part of the century. With him was a handsome lady in a Spanish mantilla. They had on the table before them a small ancient iron-bound chest. At this moment (still in the dream) a servant entered with tea or some refreshment, and, lo! the visitors vanished. The servant went out and there were the visitors again. They had opened the coffer and displayed two sets of yellow documents.

One was a list of securities; one a list of names. The lady in the mantilla explained, while the old gentleman nodded assent, that he and she had been betrothed and that she had died before their marriage. The old gentleman had gone abroad at the Peace of Amiens, had been caught and detained on the outbreak of war, and this had led to some accident in his affairs by which the coffer and its contents had been neglected, and the securities were still lying unclaimed.

"They are," said the lady of the mantilla, "now in the keeping of Messrs. ——"

A knock at the door. Enter the maid with tea—the maid in flesh and blood; disappearance of the dream. The solicitors' names were never communicated.

Now, the dream-mind clearly started from the maid's first tap at the door. This was the knock announcing the arrival of the visitors in the dream. All the rest of the scenes were a myth, invented by the dream-mind to account for the first half-heard tap. The dream-mind created the person of the old-forgotten relative, and invented, without any assistance from conscious memory, the lady of the mantilla, and her love story and her death. The box, the securities, all the dresses and properties, were improvised by the dream-mind and placed on the stage of vision.

All this was done, all this drama performed, merely as a myth accounting for the first tap, and everything was invented, staged and acted in the moment between the first tap at the door and the second.—Illustrated London News.

A Big Inclination.

I was acquainted with a well-disposed young gentleman of large fortune, whose only fault was the habit of swearing—such a habit that he often declared that he would give half his fortune to get rid of it. This desire came to the ears of a Quaker, who thereupon had an interview with the young gentleman, and said:

"I can cure thee of that bad habit."

Whereupon the youth caught hold of the Quaker's hand and gave it a hearty shake, saying:

"How can you perform the miracle?"

"I can tell thee. I have heard that thou art just my size; nobody will know thee; thou shalt come to my house, put on the cocked hat, the coat without buttons, the knee-breeches, and the shoe-buckles, and thou wilt find that the strangeness of the dress will have such an effect on thee when thou art going to talk that it will restrain thee from swearing—as thou perhaps knowest, my friend, that we Quakers never swear."

The young man cheerfully assented to the proposal, and accompanied the Quaker to his house, where, after changing his clothes, he took his departure in the garb of a Quaker, and went on his way rejoicing. The period of the young gentleman's tour elapsed, and the Quaker, all anxiety, started to meet him. Having met him, he said:

"Well, friend, how hast thee got on?"

"Very well," replied the young man.

"Hast thou sworn so much with that dress on thee?"

The young man, rubbing the sleeves of his coat, replied:

"Certainly not; but I felt a great inclination to lie."

Too Late.

In a small country village there lived a certain schoolmistress. She thought herself and was looked upon as a person "above the common." In the same village resided a grocer's son, named Tom, who had fallen in love with the "schoolmarm;" but for the life of him he dared not tell his love to his adored one. One day he mustered up courage to lay his case before a neighbor, a woman, who advised him to go to the parson at once and put the "axings" in for himself and the lady. The young man did as he was told, and on the following Sunday the banns were called over in church. The schoolmistress was not present, but a neighbor who was lost no time in telling what she had heard read in church. The "schoolmarm" was of course in a terrible rage, and said, "Wait until I see that Tom! I'll give him something he little expects for his mad pranks!" The following day she met poor Tom in the lane—Tom had been told what he might expect at such a meeting—and began to give him the "length of her tongue." Tom, in his fright, could only blurt out, "Well, if you dunnot like it, I can go to the parson and stop it." "Oh, bother it," she said, "it's too late now!"

Drying Out Coal Tar.

It is well known that the tar extracted at gas works contains a large amount of water, in many cases as much as 15 per cent. The separation of this water from the tar is essential for most purposes to which the latter is put, and on that account it is frequently the custom to allow the material to remain in wells for some time, so that the water has an opportunity of rising to the surface. Recently a more rapid process has been introduced to bring about the separation, a process identical with that of skimming milk in a centrifugal separator. The fresh tar is heated to about 92 degrees to reduce its viscosity, and then placed in a centrifugal machine revolving at an enormous velocity. The tar being heavier than the water presses against the inside of the vessel, leaving the water nearer the center, where it is skimmed by projecting tubes.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27. To Waukesha and lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.